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Commonweal

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A Guide to Hatchet Jobs

WILFRID SHEED

Ike Sheds Some Light

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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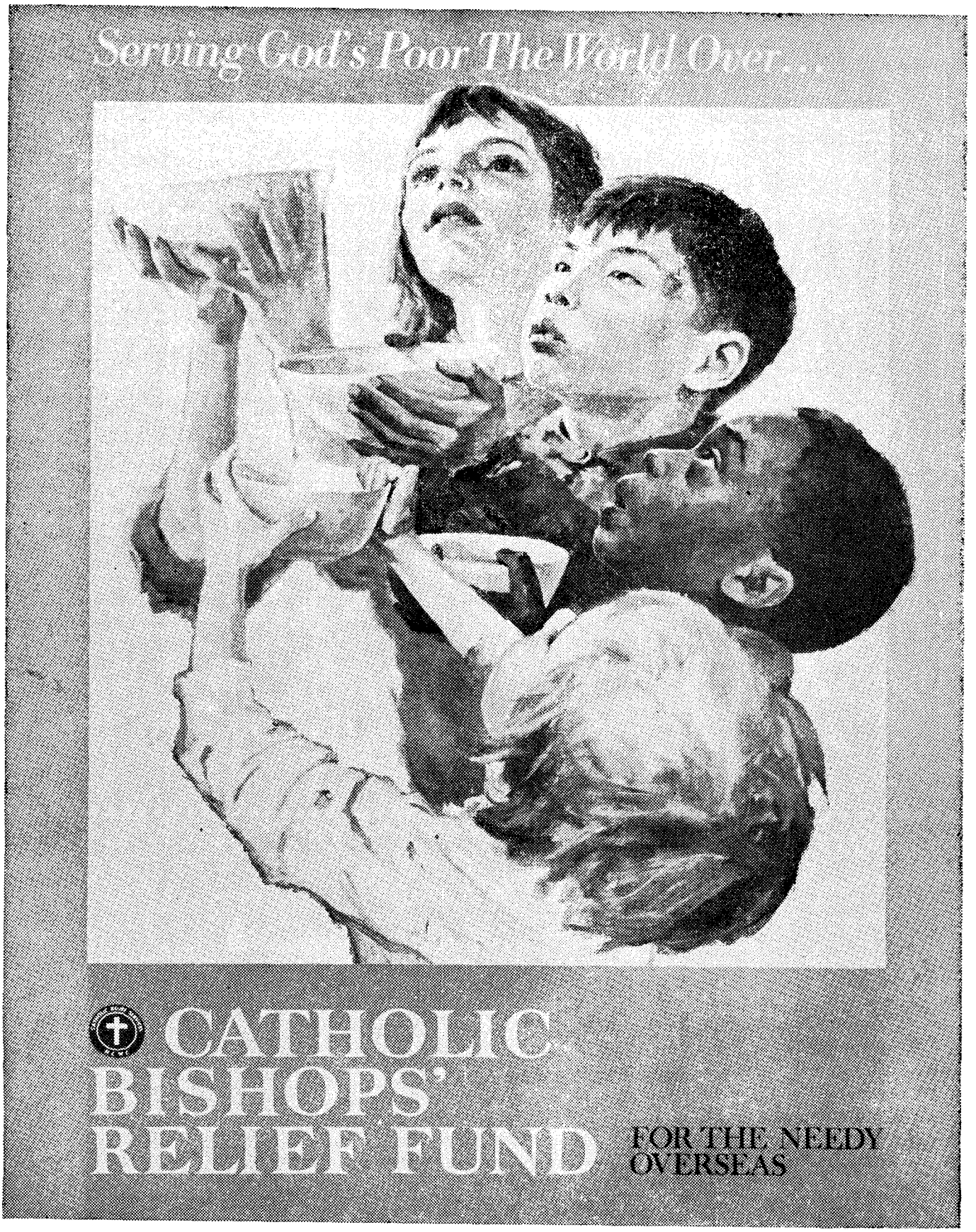

Bishops' Relief Fund Week, March 1-8

1964 Appeal for funds to support aid projects for the destitute of every race, creed and color, in 70 countries, conducted by Catholic Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10001

LAETARE SUNDAY COLLECTION, MARCH 8

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Foreign Image

IF ANTI-AMERICAN demonstrations in many lands are mostly Communist-inspired, the response they often evoke presents a difficulty. Lack of enthusiasm for the United States is widespread. While few of the emerging nations wish to join either cold-war camp, the Soviet, Chinese and/or Cuban direction of their sympathies is manifest. Why should this be?

It is seldom true that our adversaries' economic assistance is larger or better directed to projects desired by the local government. Also the United States has taken pains not to require the *quid pro quo* of political support. In general, American assistance programs compare quite favorably with their Soviet counterparts.

Moreover, the Communist countries which are conducting such strenuous propaganda overseas cite their own achievements to show that they have found the ideal development pattern. Their presentation might go something like this: "We understand your problem. Until recently we were quite poor like you with few industries and most of our people struggling on the soil to attain a bare subsistence. Follow our Marxist pattern and soon you will achieve power and abundance."

The Soviet system has indeed achieved much in the way of armaments, heavy industry and certain spectacular, if scattered, scientific breakthroughs. It has made some headway in raising low living standards. The Soviet regime has also made serious enough mistakes to cast doubt on its claims of omnicompetence. With seven times as many people working the land as in our own surplus-bound country, the USSR is not yet able to feed its own people.

This is partly caused by the Russian climate, the severe winters, short growing season, extremes of heat and cold and drought and moisture. But it is also due to such major mistakes as the Soviet's ten-year virgin-land program, which only now is being abandoned after repeated and costly failures. Khrushchev's latest scheme is also grandiose. He plans to concentrate on Russia's warmer sectors, building up their fertility by vast irrigation projects and the massive application of fertilizer—which will necessitate a giant new Soviet industry. Will this be any more successful?

Communist China, in its turn, can also point to considerable achievements. But it, too, has made grave mistakes, which in the years 1959-1961 led to widespread famine. China, too, has had to import large quantities of wheat. Its rigid system of rural communes had in part to be abandoned. In Communist China as in Soviet Russia only the small private plots which the peasants themselves were allowed to own and operate for profit have been truly productive—a telling reflection on the Communist system.

IT WOULD SEEM, then, that propagandistic skill, rather than the success of Marxist economies, explains much of the Communists' headway with other peoples. Fidel Castro supplies a prime example. The Cuban economy may be in poor shape, due in part to his ill-prepared attempt to shift from a sugar-and-tobacco to a diversified farm-and-industrial economy. But Castro has taken over barracks for schools and luxury resorts for workers' vacations; he has great numbers working on a literacy campaign as part of his revolution. He has the ability to couch his pleas for raising Cuba's productivity in terms of the common good.

Communist agitators are skilled in arousing the revolutionary resentments of many who are deprived of the material bases for a life of human dignity. And they are particularly adept in ascribing the plight of the downtrodden to the iniquities of the United States. We are wealthy, which inspires envy. American corporations, for all their jobs at better pay, are "exploiting" the country's natural resources and also the people. When prices or demand for the

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raw materials that comprise a country's principal source of foreign exchange fall, as they do periodically, great dislocation and human suffering do, in fact, result. We have not solved our big unemployment problem.

Finally there are the conditions in our own country which present-day communications disclose to the world. We do not permit the widespread starvation which the Russians did under Stalin and the Chinese have suffered under Mao, but we do have our own severe pockets of poverty. Continuing racial injustice here is doubtless our greatest blemish in the eyes of the peoples of the underdeveloped world. And the world is not permitted to forget our preponderance in thermonuclear armament. The irony of it all is that, unlike our adversaries, the United States is not seeking new conquests. The basic object of our foreign policy is rather to build up centers of independent strength throughout the world.

Cuba Policy

THE FACT that the United States' policies toward various Communist countries are inconsistent means very little. Despite the rhetorical points that opponents may score, in foreign policy there are no awards for consistency, only for results. If our trading policy toward the Soviet Union is currently more benign than our policy toward Cuba, it is because we allow ourselves to hope for different results: the increasing benevolence of the regime in the Soviet Union, which is here to stay, and the fall of the regime in Cuba, which, hopefully, is not.

Carping over the inconsistency counts for nothing, as long as the hopes that underlie inconsistent policies are realistic. But how realistic is the hope that the Castro regime will fall of its own weight? Most recent estimates by Western visitors to Cuba seem to claim considerable stability for the regime, despite the widely advertised shortages in certain sectors. Jean Daniel, foreign editor of *L'Express*, finds the Cuban people solidly behind Castro, and says that the U.S. harassment serves only to increase Cuba's national unity. We can also assume that the thousands who have fled Cuba included most of the hard core of dissidents who might have made a counter-revolution. And despite the shortages of various goods, the Soviet Union is not likely to let Cuba's economy collapse.

One wonders then if our trading policy on Cuba, and our general policy of mild harassment of Castro, are not based on an illusion. Talk of "isolating" Cuba and "deterring the spread of Communism in the hemisphere," make fine reading, particularly for the more emotional members of the right-wing, but it

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is difficult to see what specific goal the current policy is aimed at. It is probably accurate to say that because of domestic political pressure and a general fear of what other Latin American nations might think, we are caught between two policies that at least have recognizable goals: direct aggression, such as a total blockade or another invasion, and some sort of negotiation. Direct aggression, we trust, is out. This leaves negotiation for some sort of accommodation, an outrage to the zealots of the right, and a course that will demand considerable courage on the part of the Administration. But in the absence of a miracle, it will eventually come down to talking with Castro anyway, if only because it is now the only rational course open.

More of Same

THE HEART may not bleed as much over the banning of Mississippi's former Governor Ross Barnett (from the campus of Xavier of Cincinnati) and Alabama Governor George C. Wallace (from the campus of Loyola of Chicago) as it did over the banning of four distinguished theologians by Catholic University. Catholic U. presented a much better target: *its* trampling of academic freedom was combined with a benighted attitude toward the mind and needs of the Church.

The banning of two outspoken racists is another matter. It is, after all, always possible to argue that one has struck a blow for progress by denying the

A Letter to Our Readers

Within a very short time, each of our subscribers will receive in the mail a letter from the editors. The letter is, to be specific, an appeal. We are asking you, our readers, to take a direct hand in increasing the number of subscribers to The Commonweal.

The occasion for this appeal is two-fold. On November 24, 1964, The Commonweal will celebrate its fortieth birthday. Our goal for that anniversary is a circulation of 40,000. But the reason we are aiming at this figure has nothing to do with the pleasant numerical symmetry of 40 years—40,000 subscribers. For the second reason we appeal to you is that The Commonweal must reach more readers if it is to remain in a healthy state and realize its full potential.

Let us say at once we are pleased with our present circulation. The print order for this issue will be just over 32,000 copies. Five years ago at this time the figure was 22,000. Yet these figures are deceptive. Despite this significant jump, The Commonweal still bears the burden of a large annual deficit, one borne by the "Commonweal Associates" and other long-time friends of the magazine. Without that help we simply could not survive. At the same time, however, our costs continue to rise at a rapid rate. We still have trouble making ends meet; and sometimes they just don't.

No doubt in our age of affluence one might argue that there is a certain dignity in an annual deficit. Perhaps so, but red ink is still red ink. However much we have come to accept the fact that money problems are part and parcel of our publishing life, we still wish it could be otherwise.

We wish this because, since the beginning of the Second Vatican Council, The Commonweal has suddenly seen new horizons appear. As many of our long-time readers well know, The Commonweal has been subjected to many an attack over the years. (Indeed, it wouldn't surprise us to see the expression "Commonweal Catholic" turn up in a dictionary of American slang someday.) But the Council has brought about a dramatic turn of events in American Catholicism. Many of the things for which we fought long and hard, and for which our circulation suffered, are now an accepted part of Catholic life and thought: a richer liturgical life, racial justice, civil rights, the idea of "free speech" in the Church.

But most of all it is the growing awareness of the importance of the laity which strikes us most forcibly. As a lay-edited Catholic weekly, we could hardly feel otherwise. Still, despite our forty years, we feel we are only at the beginning. As fast as progress is made on old problems, new ones arise to take their place. We want to continue doing our part.

We wish that part could be larger. How is that possible? Of course we must work to improve our contents; that we unceasingly do. But what we need most are more readers. The educated Catholic is no longer an anomaly. Nor are those who are willing to read a magazine which sustains a high intellectual level. We now have 32,000 such readers. We think there are many, many more potential readers: those who may have heard of The Commonweal but have never seen it; those ready for more solid reading fare; those who have wanted to subscribe but have not had the chance to do so.

We would like you to help us find these readers, and we ask you directly because one of our greatest assets is the loyalty of our subscribers. May we now, as our fortieth anniversary approaches, appeal to that loyalty?

—THE EDITORS

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governors a platform. But one wonders whether progress is made when students and faculty members who have authority and freedom to invite speakers suddenly find their authority and freedom disappear when an invitation goes to someone the administration finds embarrassing. The argument about the "image" of the university is not impressive; the secular universities with the best "images" are precisely the ones which allow speaking invitations to go to anyone the students want to hear. And besides, the "image" of Loyola and Xavier could only have grown if instead of countermanding the invitations, they had taken other steps to show their attitudes toward their racist speaker, perhaps inviting in Martin Luther King, or someone of his stature, on the succeeding night.

The point is not that Catholic colleges have no duty to provide platforms for racists, or that the ethic of the college conflicts with racism. In our opinion the point is that many of our colleges have such a weak appreciation for student and faculty freedom, that under the glare of adverse publicity they are quick to revoke it, even when it has been specifically recognized and authorized. The result, predictably, is the undermining of campus groups and student initiative.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Ike Sheds Some Light

"BEGINNING July 13, 1964, Dwight D. Eisenhower will honor the American Broadcasting Company—and inform the American people. During the Republican Convention in San Francisco, General Eisenhower will serve as the political consultant for ABC News.

"He will discuss trends and the activities of the convention, each day, in informal interviews and give the country the benefit of his unique experience and knowledge."—ABC press release.

Talk about the ABC network feeling honored. Just imagine how honored we political commentators feel to have the General join our ranks. It is already possible to foresee the brilliant contribution he will make to convention coverage as a member of the press corps:

July 12—This is Bill Lawrence for ABC News. Excitement is mounting here in San Francisco on the eve of the opening of the Republican National Convention as the Rockefeller, Goldwater, and Nixon forces battle right down to the wire. Will the nomination go to one of these front-runners? Or will Governor Scranton, Governor Romney, or some other dark horse be the convention choice?

For an analysis of this dramatic race, ABC now brings you an exclusive interview with its special political consultant, Dwight D. Eisenhower. General, in the light of your unique experience and knowledge, how does this race shape up to you?

Eisenhower: I never comment on personalities. But I will say this—these are all fine Republicans and fine Americans. One or two of them may be a bit extreme here or there but this is sort of a balanced thing, the convention, I mean. We are going to come out of this, the delegates, that is, making a sound, balanced judgment about what is good for 180,000,000 Americans.

Lawrence: Do you think Senator Goldwater's call for the use of tactical nuclear weapons in Zanzibar has hurt his chances?

Eisenhower: I don't comment on the remarks of others, but on this foreign policy business, I can tell you something based on my eight years in the White House. These decisions are not easy, never forget that.

Lawrence: The leading candidates who fought it out in the primaries during the spring are making the point that no one should be nominated who did not face the voters. What is your estimate of the importance of primaries?

Eisenhower: I am talking a little bit out of my depth here because I am not a politician. Party people look at these matters from a political angle, and that is necessary and proper, but I think we want to consider the broad national interest, and I am sure that is what the delegates here will want to do. Now as for specific primaries, I am not up on the details of all the contests in the various states so naturally I could not go into details, but in essence that is my position.

Lawrence: There has been a lot of talk about a man you're very familiar with—Henry Cabot Lodge. Do you believe Mr. Lodge's service under a Democratic Administration as ambassador to South Vietnam will hurt his prospects at this convention?

Eisenhower: Cabot Lodge, as you know, was one of the fellows who got me into political life so I am very fond of him naturally, and maybe you might say a little bit prejudiced in his favor. He was an outstanding ambassador at the UN so certainly I think well of him in that regard. Now as to his more recent public service, I could not say, but certainly when he was in my Administration I thought well of him, as of that time, at least.

Lawrence: General, does the opening of this convention take your mind back to another Republican Convention in Chicago twelve years ago when you battled Senator Taft for the nomination? Do you see any parallels between that convention and the one that opens here tomorrow?

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Eisenhower: Um, you're going back a bit far there, aren't you? I don't think we should rake up the past, but I will say this—Senator Taft was one of the finest Americans I've known.

Lawrence: Thank you, General Eisenhower. I would remind our audience that you hear the revealing, informative comments of Dwight D. Eisenhower only on ABC.

* * *

July 13—Hello everyone, this is Bill Lawrence for ABC News. Opposing factions in the Platform Committee are locked in a bitter struggle over the civil rights plank. The chairman of the Platform Committee and other leaders conferred an hour ago with former President Eisenhower in the hope that he could restore harmony. Now, here is General Eisenhower, exclusive on ABC, to give us his up-to-the-minute analysis of this civil rights controversy.

Eisenhower: You will appreciate that I cannot discuss anything that was said to me at that meeting. I do rather agree, though, with those people that think that barbershops and that sort of establishment ought not to be covered by the law—er, excuse me—uh, Mr. Hagerty tells me that barbershops are not covered by this plank, but be that as it may, I think in these race matters we should rely not so much upon laws as on changing the hearts of men. I think that is a reasonable position that most Americans agree upon, certainly most Republicans do, with some exceptions of course. There are always differences of opinion in any party, and that's healthy.

* * *

July 14—This is Bill Lawrence for ABC News. San Francisco is gripped with excitement this morning in the wake of Richard Nixon's slashing attack on the two front-runners, Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. Could you tell us, General, what you think the effect of Nixon's move will be?

Eisenhower: You are telling me something I did not know. I was not aware that the gentleman you mention had spoken out.

* * *

July 15—This is Bill Lawrence at our ABC convention headquarters here in San Francisco continuing our coverage of this exciting Republican convention. As you know, balloting on the Presidential nomination has been delayed by a floor fight over the seating of three rival Florida delegations. One is the regular Goldwater group recognized by the Senator's national headquarters. The second is also pledged to Goldwater but without recognition from him. They call themselves the "True Blues." Their rivals call them a rump faction. Then there is a third group pledged to Nelson Rockefeller which claims both Goldwater delegations were listed on the Florida primary ballot illegally. Which delegation is seated may provide a revealing test of strength for the rival candidates. General Eisenhower, in the light of your experience and knowledge, how do you assess this latest turn in the convention struggle?

Eisenhower—By golly, I'm not enough of a lawyer to figure this one out. It does seem a bit tricky and specialized, doesn't it? It would be good if these disputes could be settled at the state level rather than bringing everything here to Washington—I mean, here to the convention.

Lawrence—How does this compare in your judgment with the contest over the disputed Texas and Georgia delegations at the 1952 convention?

Eisenhower—As I recall, we were for fair play then and I think that's what all fair-minded Americans are for in this Florida matter which I am sorry to say seems to be getting a little bitter. So that's the solution as I see it, Mr. Lawrence—fair play.

Lawrence—Thank you, General Eisenhower for that most interesting commentary on the background and meaning of the Florida contest.

* * *

July 16—This is Bill Lawrence. After a day and a night of deadlocked balloting, Republican leaders have gathered in former President Eisenhower's suite to discuss the stalemate. The belief is growing that Governor Scranton may be the compromise choice. Word has just come that the meeting has broken up. Here before our ABC cameras is our unique commentator, General Eisenhower. Do you think the deadlock will break soon?

Eisenhower: The leaders of the Republican Party are all reasonable men, and they are all old friends of mine. We have just had a friendly, sociable talk as old friends do, and—

Lawrence: Yessir, but could you give us any word on Scranton?

Eisenhower: I don't think we should single out just one man. Governor Scranton, Governor Stassen, Governor Romney, Congressman Judd—I don't list them in any particular order—they are all fine men. I am sure the Convention is going to make a wise choice.

Lawrence: Thank you, General Eisenhower. Remember, you get the benefit of Dwight D. Eisenhower's crisp and informative comments only on ABC.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(Mr. Shannon, author of The American Irish *[Macmillan], is The Commonweal's regular Washington correspondent.)*

A Fragment

Worn dreams have tortured out
Stained glass of blue and gold—
Forever men shall build
Great spires of thought
Out of the body's cold.

A. HAMORI

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Catholic Social Thought

I RECENTLY returned from conducting a two-day study session on *Mater et Magistra* at Mount St. Scholastica in Atchison, Kansas. I was received with traditional Benedictine hospitality, both at Mount St. Scholastica and St. Benedict's Abbey nearby, where I stayed. I hope the trip was a useful one; I must record that it was for me a pleasant one.

I must note too what a pleasure it was on the way home to attend Sunday Mass at the Cathedral in Kansas City, Missouri. If I understand Chicago sociologist Father Andrew Greeley correctly, parishes in which nothing has changed since our grandfather's day are in the minority; for my sins, though, I seem doomed always to live in one, and this makes it twice as nice to walk in on a Mass with vigorous congregational participation—and a very good homily as well. How these parishes which have always blandly ignored all liturgical reform are now going to make the big jump required by the Council changes is beyond me.

To get back to *Mater et Magistra*, though. In one sense I suppose sessions like those at Mount St. Scholastica only scratch the surface. All the social encyclicals are more complicated than most people suppose, and they require serious thought and background study, not just casual reading. *Mater et Magistra* is no exception, and a few sessions over a two-day period can only begin what is needed, even when the students have been studying and discussing the encyclicals beforehand, as in this case.

Then, too, *Mater et Magistra* cannot be considered in isolation, for it is very much in the tradition of Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* and Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*. In *Mater et Magistra* Pope John reaffirms certain basic principles of both these great encyclicals and then carries them even further. Unless one understands the historical context and theoretical background of the earlier encyclicals, much of the meaning of Pope John's historic letter will be missed. This necessarily means that the student must consider not just one but at least these three great encyclicals together.

As a result of all this, some might insist that a few sessions on *Mater et Magistra* represent only the sketchiest kind of investigation of Catholic social thought. I would agree, but at the same time it must be insisted this is more than most Catholics have been exposed to. Encyclical buffs love to emphasize how in 1891 the rich and comfortable indignantly rejected Pope Leo's condemnation of *laissez faire* capitalism. This is true enough, but it is also true that comparatively few Catholics today have much idea of the general direction of the encyclicals, and this more than seventy years after Pope Leo.

I would include in these strictures many Catholic college graduates and a good many priests. It is an odd thing, but the fact remains that in some Catholic colleges and universities it is far easier to learn about cost accounting or modern management than it is to explore Catholic social thought. And as for priests, it is amazing how many seminaries have little or no provision for serious instruction in this subject. In many places the feeling seems to be that there is just not enough time for really detailed study of Catholic social thought, and there seems to be a widespread conviction that such material can be easily absorbed by osmosis after ordination—a notion that is, as far as I can see, quite unfounded.

Whatever the reasons for this state of affairs, I think it is undeniable that the papal encyclicals have not had the impact on American Catholicism they should have. There were and are, of course, some distinguished spokesmen for Catholic social thought on the American scene, clerical and lay. Despite their dedicated efforts, though, the American Catholic community as a whole has not been much affected by papal social thought. Indeed, in looking back over the two decades it seems to me that some of the loudest voices on the Catholic scene failed completely to follow papal guidance on the social question.

Take, for example, even such a central and obvious topic as Communism. In papal thought Communism is a complex evil, dangerous precisely because it often takes on the characteristics of a pseudo-religion. It must be resisted by every legitimate means, by every man of good will. At the same time, papal thought always makes it very clear that Communism owes much of its success to the failure of Christians, and the encyclicals stress the obvious fact that the danger of Communism is greatest in those areas where economic injustice and the need for social reform are most pressing. Many parts of Latin America illustrate the point very well right now.

How well did Catholics and Catholic organizations respond to the papal approach to Communism over the years? Many, I would say, did quite poorly. For them, any organization that called itself anti-Communist was automatically entitled to our support, no matter how wild its program; any individual who called himself an anti-Communist, no matter how irresponsible, was a hero, from Trujillo to McCarthy. I hope the John Birch Society is exaggerating when it claims that half its membership is Catholic, but I certainly am not prepared to insist that their claim is ludicrous on the face of it.

It is for this reason that I think every sermon, every article, every study session on Catholic social thought should be encouraged. They won't solve all our problems—who would make such a claim?—but they certainly should help.

JAMES O'GARA

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Integrating the Schools

The Circle of Futility

PETER SCHRAG

DESPITE valiant efforts to break it, the circle of educational futility remains intact. There is integration and Integration; strident cheers of victory acclaim the proper court decisions and assuage liberal hearts, but the problem persists: to regenerate American education in order to provide Negro children and other sons of the deprived with an education to vindicate the Jeffersonian ideal. "Give society education," said Frank Lester Ward eighty years ago, "and all things else will be added."

The system has inequality built into it. Now education, ill financed and understaffed, is being asked, somehow, to get it out. Never before has Ward's faith, or Jefferson's, faced such a test. To put it another way, once the courts have acted and the children have been shoehorned into the buildings (the great symbol is always the building and the children walking into it) will there be teachers and curricula to take them on? Or will segregation simply take place *within* the schools, repeating the old racial lines? Who will make up the remedial sections and the slow groups? And is there someone competent to teach them? The fact that Negroes and whites use the same toilets and stairways hardly justifies the extended battle for "integrating" the schools. When worried white parents ask about their newly integrated school, they are assured that the problems will be met by "tracking," by switching the academically and culturally backward newcomers to special groups, thus restoring not only segregation but, in many instances, the inferior education that prevailed before.

There are two, or perhaps three, tracks in American education: one leads from suburban schools to the "better" colleges; another is for the poor, the restricted, the backward and the deprived. The third, if such there is, lies somewhere between.

Education has always been pedagogically varied and in that sense unequal. There are remedial programs for slow learners and accelerated courses in science, language and mathematics for those considered, as the saying goes, "academically talented"; there is vocational education for those with Hands, as well as home economics, business arithmetic and stenography. But what is there for the child who sleeps only five hours a night and whose father throws his books out the window? What for the child who has never seen anyone in his family *read* anything? What kind of education for him who, even if he graduates from high school, will have, at 18, the academic skills of a suburban child of 14?

The system leads from nowhere to nowhere. There are Ivy League recruiters beating the bushes for able Negro students; the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students (NSSFNS) seeks them out and sometimes even arranges to subsidize them through post-graduate courses in prep schools to get them into decent colleges. Indeed, no one is better placed to get into Harvard than a bright Negro from Harlem with high test scores. He needs no money: the College will be happy to provide the funds and later, if he so decides, he might get special consideration on a fellowship from the Woodrow Wilson Foundation or from a place like the University of California at Los Angeles which is out recruiting Negro graduate students, not only in the California colleges but also in the *high schools*. (Of 8,000 Ph.D.'s awarded in 1955, about forty went to Negroes.) Recently Wellesley College inaugurated a "Junior Year in the North" program for students from Southern Negro colleges; its announcement was accompanied by a statement by Wellesley's president, Margaret Clapp, that "we have not been able to locate as many qualified Negro women students . . . as we would like to have."

The colleges would be delighted to have outstanding Negroes but there are none to be had; the American educational system has effectively placed them onto a different track. By the time they are ready to graduate from high school they have been miseducated by professionals and demotivated by almost everybody. The results of the searches are meager. Even NSSFNS, the major organized effort to encourage Negroes into higher education, placed only seven hundred students in interracial colleges in each of the last few years. Usually the trail leads from inferior primary education (there are still 15,000 one-room schools), to Negro colleges—for a "privileged," motivated minority—and then into clerical work or some form of public employment,

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usually teaching. Teaching where? Back in the substandard schools where the Negro staff members sometimes represent a vested interest of their own.

The plight of the Southern Negro teachers is an especially curious one. After integration, several hundred of them lost their jobs in Oklahoma; the Negro teaching staff in West Virginia dropped from 950 to 800; sixty were fired in Kentucky and many others in Kansas (in several places, however—Baltimore for instance—the Negro teaching staff *grew* after integration, partly because a number of whites refused to teach in newly integrated schools where life had become pedagogically more difficult).

The Negro teacher is part of an establishment; in some areas he is unable to compete with better-trained white teachers (who, of course, had been segregated out of Negro schools), but more often they are simply the victims of anxiety. One study indicated that teachers were "extremely fearful" that their training would prove inadequate in competition with whites. In recent years the *Journal of Negro Education*—which often seems to whistle to prove its confidence that everything will be well—has devoted several articles to assuaging the anxieties of Negro teachers by saying to them that desegregation is not *so bad* after all. Like everyone else, the Negro teacher has a place in the system.

ALTHOUGH James B. Conant has reassured us that blackboard jungle stories are exaggerated, there are enough horror tales about teaching in urban schools to keep the image intact and teachers on the move. "All we can do," said one teacher after he resigned to go elsewhere, "is to try to give the kids some sense of civilized life, and usually we fail." The suburbs are a great talent siphon for personnel from downtown. Suburban kids are—usually, though not always—better behaved, better motivated, better dressed. They all can read, and write, and they come to school on a regular schedule. Most of those who start the year are around at the finish. Most important, they are committed enough to the values of the teachers so that her middle-class messages are understood.

Given these conditions why should a teacher work in New York City when he can get the same or a better salary in White Plains, Scarsdale or Glen Ridge? "All my friends are teaching in New Rochelle or Great Neck," a teacher told the *Village Voice*. "They wouldn't be caught dead teaching in the New York City system." The darker the schools become, the greater the exodus: there are too many children in each classroom, specialized help is scarce, equipment is lacking and there isn't enough time—or worse still, there is too much time. Most important, the teachers were never trained for slum schools which represent a task as specialized and difficult as any in the academic hierarchy. (Attempts are under way at some of New York's city colleges.)

In this circle of the ineffective and the inadequate, the culprit is always one step down the ladder: the high school, the junior-high, the grade school, the parents, the teachers, the neighborhood. In a sense the whole system is irrelevant, as the critic Paul Goodman indicated in his *Growing Up Absurd*. Dick and Jane at the beach don't make much sense at Junior High 117 in East Harlem; nor does the friendly family doctor or Patrick Henry or George Washington.

To break down the track of the underprivileged, Dean Fischer proposed what he called "the concept of compensatory opportunity." In view of past injustices, he said, "we should offer these children educational services beyond the level of what might be called standard equality. . . . Thousands of mentally and physically handicapped children, regardless of race, regularly receive teaching service, physical facilities, and supporting services more extensive and more costly than those furnished children who are considered physically or mentally normal. . . .

"Such compensatory opportunity might take the form of lower student-teacher ratios in certain schools, or additional guidance services, or better physical facilities. The idea might mean more scholarships for higher education, or in some cases, custodial and boarding care for children whose welfare required their removal from a crippling environment" (a similar proposal, incidentally, was made by Frances Wright more than a century ago).

Dean Fischer's compensatory concept is already being tried; its most significant success has been in the Higher Horizons Programs, initiated under the direction of Daniel Schreiber in New York, and now being applied in other places in an attempt to raise student motivation, raise reading ability, reduce the drop-out rate and generally compensate for social and cultural handicaps with better guidance services and teaching. Higher Horizons involves reinforcing social work in problem homes, "cultural enrichment" (visits to museums, laboratories, hospitals, colleges) and a whole series of auxiliary measures for slum children. Academic achievement is being raised in these programs, the drop-out rate is down, and Higher Horizons graduates have been admitted to places like Dartmouth, Amherst, Antioch and Radcliffe.

Yet success to date is barely a promise of what might be done; as the idea is extended to new schools and the experimental fervor is diluted, the results become increasingly marginal. Mr. Schreiber himself is now heading the Drop Out Project for the National Education Association while others have taken over his work in the field. He has proved that something can be done but so far, not very much is actually taking place. NSSFNS is contemplating a major extension of its work to cover more schools and thus encourage more Negroes to continue their education; faculty exchanges between southern Negro and northern prestige colleges are being

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planned; there is even a boarding school project in North Carolina to upgrade Negroes enough for higher education. The Foundations have interested themselves in these efforts, with the Rockefeller Foundation announcing recently that it would make Negro education one of its major concerns. Yet somehow, one gets the feeling that all this work suffers from the limitations of respectability. Often it has a tone of *noblesse oblige* reminiscent of Christmas dinner for the poor. It involves no direct attack on the system, on its values or on the whole economic and social structure which supports it.

About a year ago, Frederick T. Gillis, who was then still superintendent of schools in Boston, pompously proclaimed that the Massachusetts Fair Education Practices Act was unnecessary in Boston because "since 1635 we have had integration." Not the Rockefeller Foundation nor an expanded NSSFNS, much as they might help, is going to alter the picture very significantly. All they can do is produce examples and provide hope. Paul Goodman feels that the "idea that most should be educated in something like schools is a delusion and often a cruel hoax. . . . The better way is to expand social needs that are also opportunities for education appropriate to different dispositions." Goodman suggested community service projects, domestic Peace Corps, youth work camps, technical apprenticeships in industry, and other unconventional types of "schooling." He himself conceded that no one is likely to accept the challenge, threatening as it is to established institutions and to the going standards of status and prestige. And yet, the inadequacy of the system, the poverty of its education and the accompanying pieties of the established leadership make it clear that something faintly radical is a minimum necessity.

THIS radicalism must color not only the organization and financing of schools, but the content of the curriculum itself. James Baldwin said in a recent talk to a group of New York teachers: "I would try to teach (Negro children)—I would try to make them know—that those streets, those houses, those dangers, those agonies by which they are surrounded, are criminal. I would try to make each child know that these things are the results of a criminal conspiracy to destroy him. I would teach him that if he intends to get to be a man, he must at once decide that he is stronger than this conspiracy and that he must never make his peace with it. And that one of the weapons for refusing to make his peace with it and for destroying it depends on what he decides he is worth. I would teach him that there are currently very few standards in this country which are worth a man's respect. That it is up to him to begin to change those standards for the sake of the life and the health of the country.

"I would suggest to him that the popular culture—as represented, for example, on television and in comic books and in movies—is based on fantasies created by very ill people, and he must be aware that these are fantasies that have nothing to do with reality. I would teach him that the press he reads is not as free as it says it is—and that he can do something about that, too. . . . I would suggest to him that he is living, at the moment, in an enormous province. America is not the world and if America is going to become a nation, she must find a way—and the child must help her to find a way—to use the tremendous potential and tremendous energy which this child represents. If this country does not find a way to use that energy, it will be destroyed by that energy."

Baldwin is asking for something that American education has never provided—a revolutionary message—and yet this may be the only message that has meaning; more important, the children of the slums, and of the poor wherever they are, are probably the only people in our society who can provide that renewal of democratic vitality, and of revolutionary spirit which this country so badly lacks. Yet the message of the classroom (if ever a school system permits such utterances) must be accompanied by social and political measures outside; no teacher, no group of teachers can do this alone.

The national imbalance in educational opportunity is a fact that hardly needs further demonstration, but we continue to pretend that this imbalance is largely a matter of local concern, as if miseducation in South Chicago had nothing to do with life in Winnetka or Oak Park, not to mention Harlem or North Philadelphia. The nation is dotted with places that can be labelled educational disaster areas, regions of chronic depression and poverty where teachers are underpaid and often undertrained: the slums of large cities, the mining towns of Kentucky and West Virginia, the rural South, and the mill towns of New England.

The use of federal funds in educational disaster areas and decreasing reliance on the obsolete property tax base which supports the major part of the American educational system are not likely to eliminate the imbalance overnight: it exists even *within* local school

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systems—New York has some of the finest schools in the nation, as well as some of the worst. Yet federal aid is a minimum necessity because education is a national problem. Illiteracy, ignorance and delinquency are major articles of interstate commerce; they are produced in one place and shipped to another.

So far, American policy has denied this fairly obvious fact. If education has been the means of breaking class barriers and economic limitations, it has also been used to keep them intact. The system of discriminatory opportunity is based, at least implicitly, on a double standard of education, social services and community welfare: cut-rate education has been good enough for the children of the poor—or no education at all, for the matter. One would suspect that in practice, Prince Edward County without schools for Negroes was not much worse off than it had been before. Either way the Negro was kept in his place.

Despite resistance to federal aid, nothing short of a massive use of outside funds and energy will make any dents in the old rut. And if these funds are monopolized by the established system, they may merely reinforce it by improving education for the wealthy and depressing it elsewhere; real leverage can be applied only on a community or even a regional basis. Local educational systems may have to be short-circuited altogether.

It now seems clear that genuine improvements in education for Negroes and other under-privileged groups depend on wholesale relief and rehabilitation work, vocational training, health services and other social welfare measures which will generate a base on which the school program can operate. Educational deprivation can be eliminated only when schools and teachers are left free to concentrate on the job for which they were established in the first place.

As long as the school is expected to solve all inherited social problems, community energies will be misdirected. When the suburban town of Oak Park, Mich., absorbed the adjacent Carver School District which was 95 percent Negro, its first steps concerned not the education of the Carver pupils but their health, nourishment (via a school lunch program), adult education for parents, recreation and welfare. Here, as elsewhere, white parents had to be reassured that the new burden would not generate a dilution of existing academic programs—not to mention a whole series of social problems. The moral here is that the central concern in educating the undereducated, the poor, the deprived, is not primarily an academic one, but a social one that comprises a whole cluster of health and welfare considerations. It is here where federal aid is most desperately needed and where the old specter of federal control of education and the religious issue cannot even be raised.

Therefore, the initial thrust of federal aid should be directed to a list of educational disaster areas, places characterized by high drop-out rates, low teacher salaries, large pockets of unemployment or marginal employment and other criteria of deprivation. Funds should be allocated generously on the basis of community or regional proposals for welfare work, and should not be restricted to public agencies. Churches, universities, private welfare organizations, community councils, professional societies and youth groups should be eligible to receive funds on the basis of specific proposals. Restriction of funds to established city or state school systems on some kind of matching basis will merely reinforce inequality.

IN ADDITION, every effort should be made to use federal funds and other means to encourage the establishment of regional planning organizations devoted to genuine educational integration, organizations modeled on the Tennessee Valley Authority or the Port of New York Authority, but concerned with the reclamation and development of children, rather than land or rivers or harbors. Such regional organizations might be entirely public—the creatures of several communities—or they might be formed through collaboration of public and private agencies: schools, churches, welfare groups, with direction from various segments of the region. Their plans would include not only formal education but also the kind of domestic Peace Corps activities, youth camps and community-improvement projects suggested by Goodman. They would be concerned with the means of establishing collaboration in the allocation of teaching resources, with the regulation of competition between suburb and central city, with teacher and student placement, with academic standards and with the creation of educational incentives where they are needed.

The impact of integration is going to be only marginal until those who are integrated—be they Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Negroes or whites—are sufficiently strong not only to walk into the newly won buildings but to demand the kind of education which they should receive. Whites generally get better schooling than Negroes because they have had the resources, the economic security and the political power, not to mention the cultural attitudes, to ask for it. They have been able to press the local principal or superintendent for the education they want. By bringing them into formerly segregated schools, at least in some areas, we can provide Negro and white children some benefits through association.

But to attack the problem directly, the Negro can't rely on some black-white formula of school allocation and occupancy. He can do it only when he can insist on equal—or compensatory— opportunity for himself. If federal aid to education has any basic merit, it lies at least partly in making it possible for the culturally deprived to go into the local school, see the principal, and raise a little hell.

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Protestants on Church-State

WILLIAM B. BALL

FOUR HUNDRED and fifty Protestant leaders gathered recently in Columbus, Ohio, to discuss questions of Church and State. The meeting—the National Study Conference on Church and State—gave rise to newspaper headlines variously proclaiming a new mobilization to heighten the "wall of separation" and a dramatic break-through for public aid to parochial schools. While it was something of both, its real significance lies elsewhere.

The Conference, assembled by the National Council of Churches, had been almost four years in preparation; news of it had been given to the press as early as September, 1961, by the Rev. Dean M. Kelley, its principal organizer. In terms of achieving an in-depth search into the full range of America's current Church-State problems, the preparation paid off. The purpose of the Conference was not to make policy but rather simply to record the voice (or voices) of Protestants upon these problems. As Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, in an address opening the Conference, stated: "We are not asked to set policy or to speak for the churches or the National Council—we could not if we tried. We are asked to *study* and to deliberate together in the light of the Gospel, and to offer the best advice we can on this serious and timely problem."

The magnitude of this undertaking became apparent only after one had lived with the Conference for the better part of a week. And hour by hour as the intensive group discussions proceeded, the picture of American Protestantism inadvertently painted by some of its more militant Church-State professionals faded. That picture of a Protestantism united in jealousy of the new religious pluralism and thinly concealing behind separationist pleas an intense anti-Catholic bigotry was soon displaced by a picture quite different. The picture which emerged was that of a meeting of God-fearing men, genuinely anxious to find right solutions to Church-State difficulties, varying markedly in views respecting these solutions—and giving the warmest of welcomes and the most concerned ear to the Catholic and Jewish observers whose presence they had invited. It was this atmosphere, rather than the specific determinations of the Conference, which to me was its most significant aspect. This atmosphere, moreover, seemed to liberate the impulse to find out what was best in law-religion relationships for Protestantism as Christianity.

Did this atmosphere imply a general change in the attitude of the National Council membership toward Catholics or was it simply the result of the putting into focus of a spirit of friendliness and openness which had been present in the Council all along? Possibly more the latter, although the tide of ecumenism, so evident recently in world Protestantism, was undoubtedly a major factor in the Columbus deliberations.

The agenda for the Conference was particularly significant. Far from being slanted to induce conclusions, it was broad in content and directed the attention of the conferees to many objections to positions formerly taken by the National Council on Church-State issues. Also, new voices are now beginning to be heard within the National Council which repudiate, or seriously qualify, views asserted by an older leadership. These newer voices, often reflecting a profound understanding of constitutional law, were unmistakably distinct at the Columbus meeting. Linked to these were those Protestants who see the role of witness for the churches in the carrying on of educational and charitable activities. These delegates expressed concern lest a runaway separationism become an established secularism.

It was precisely over this latter point that the most vigorous debates of the Conference took place. Recognition was widely expressed that the doctrine of the *Engel* and *Schempp* decisions of the Supreme Court was of very limited application and by no means could be stretched to cover all governmental relationships with church-related health, welfare and educational institutions. Most delegates appeared to react with particular alarm to the insistence of a few, that the time was at hand for the churches to give up their hospitals, child-caring agencies and homes for the aged and to limit expression of the social gospel to the attempt to sanctify the universal welfare state. As much alarm was expressed over demands that Protestant colleges—many now deeply involved in government research and construction arrangements and student loan and scholarship programs—should eschew all such benefits in the future.

Discussion of these questions served, of course, to bring into sharp focus what most delegates called "the

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Catholic parochial school question," meaning federal aid, buses, textbooks, subsidies, medical services and related live questions. Consistently with the evident view of the majority, that the Constitution permits and sound policy demands partial support through governmental money of religious colleges, hospitals and welfare agencies, could the (predominantly Catholic) elementary and secondary religious schools be denied the application of similar principles of law and policy?

In its vote at its final session the Conference, speaking as a whole (not legislating for the churches, but merely offering them "guidance") appeared to acknowledge the constitutional permissibility of such aid but to be uncertain as to how far it would be wise to extend such aid. While it acknowledged the "disagreement and uncertainty" of its members in matters relating to "the use of public monies in private and church-related programs of health, education and welfare," it killed by a vote of 85-79 a proposal to put it on record against any federal aid to church-related elementary and secondary schools. It gave serious consideration to a strongly advanced proposal to endorse governmental support for "specific programs" of secular instruction in such schools, finally rejecting this proposal in favor of one limited to "specific health and welfare programs." It also expressed approval of shared-time.

Of immense significance was this statement which appeared in the Conference's "General Findings": " . . . any attempt to express Church-State relationships in terms of an absolute and complete separation or of a wall of separation between Church and State serves only to obscure the fullness of their relationship rather than offering a fruitful basis for an understanding of the present situation. The history of Church-State relations in the United States refutes such a rigid conception." In all of this the Conference broke precedent, and this, of course, has come as good news to those who have campaigned for the inclusion of Catholic schools in public benefits.

IT IS to be hoped, however, that these expressions by the Conference will be neither belittled as confessions of past error nor regarded as triggering an avalanche of acquiescence to Catholic proposals. A welcome change has taken place. The ultra-separationists, both crude and respectable, have been handed a serious defeat. But chiefly what has taken place is simply an opening of the door to rational discussion—discussion which can take place outside the shadow of the infinitely forbidding Wall.

It would be quite unfair to ascribe this opening as dictated by Catholic pressures or by Protestant self-interest in preserving institutions. While these factors have played their role, the move appeared to have been dictated principally by painstaking study, a resolute spirit of fairness and by genuine solicitude for the national good. Moreover, it should be noted that while much concern was expressed by Conference delegates over Catholic attitudes toward religious liberty, the move was not withheld as a concession later to be made should the Second Vatican Council adopt the much desired schema on religious liberty.

If the door has thus been opened to rational discussion of the "school aid" issue, a Catholic response may be indicated. Professor George La Noue, whose recent discussions of religious permeation of Catholic school textbooks have sparked such wide interest, asked me publicly at the Conference: "If the American people were to give the Catholic Church a blank check on which to write what it wanted in the way of aid to education, what would the Church put down?" Perhaps a good debater's question, yet not unfair. So far as federal aid has been concerned, the controversy since 1960 has centered more upon legality than upon policy. If one likely result of the Conference will be to help center discussion upon policy, then specific modes of accommodation on the "school aid" question will need to be proposed and weighed.

While the Catholic educational interests should not be required to submit to the public a Final Plan respecting a position on governmental aid to which it vows its future adherence in spite of all exigencies of time and social change, nevertheless the public cannot be blamed for confusion over, and resistance to, a mass of seemingly "Catholic" proposals—variously accentuated by pressure-group activity—embracing such concepts as federal aid to schools on a basis of parity with public schools, federal grants to schools on a non-parity basis, tax credits, tuition grants, loans, scholarships, shared-time, various auxiliary services such as buses, free textbooks, state subsidies, etc., etc. Community peace, as well as Catholic education, will be advanced through better definition of the latter's needs.

The keen interest taken by the Conference in questions respecting governmental aid to church institutions was not at the expense of consideration of many other Church-State problems perhaps less exciting but equally important. Among these were the Sunday Closing Laws, religion in adoption and custody cases, religion in the public schools, church-state problems relating to the Peace Corps, the military chaplaincies and conscientious objection. Hovering over many of these questions was the ultimate problem raised by the Rev. Martin

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Marty of "the difficulty of defining the nature of our society positively." The heart of that problem, said Marty, "lies in the disappearance of meaningful bridges between sacred and secular orders." Marty raised questions concerning the "wholesome neutrality" respecting religion which the Supreme Court enjoined upon the public schools in the *Schempp* case: "We all prefer wholesome neutrality to unwholesome neutrality or wholesome partisan choice. But we have difficulty keeping the adjective and noun in balance. . . . I am not sure that either the Court or the churches have thought through this formula as well as they might."

So much for some impressions of the Columbus meeting. What ultimate results will flow from it only time will tell. Bills in legislatures and suits in courts will continue to fire public excitement on Church-State matters. But the Conference represented a very great step indeed, both in tone and in action, in the direction of finding solutions to these. It also represented a technique which Catholics might well give thought to copying. There is a noticeable need in the Church for those institutes or conferences whose task it should be to take notice of, and continually study in orderly fashion, all strands of current thinking upon Church-State issues, to assemble social data necessary for evaluation of these, to work out alternative solutions to problems, to present with sensitive accuracy the various faces of religious and other public opinion against which background the image of Church action must necessarily be formed.

The Columbus meeting, should it have stirred a few leading Catholic centers of higher learning to sponsor continuing, in-depth church-state "study conferences," would have yielded yet another great benefit to the country.

One Man's Fancy

A Guide to Hatchet Jobs

WILFRID SHEED

IT MAY be merely a natural response to an insipid cultural scene, or it may be that we of the bland, cool, silent generation have been taunted beyond endurance by our rough, hot, noisy elders. But whatever the reason, there seems to have been a definite increase in critical ferocity lately—especially as measured by that howl from the depths known as the hatchet job.

By the hatchet job is meant here, not just a few surly growls about a particular book, but a calculated attempt to demolish the author, to blow him out of the water, to plant his career with salt. A good hatchet job leaves its subject looking stunted, emotionally malformed, altogether pathetic—and yet overweening and pretentious too, so that even sympathy is denied him.

The executioner starts out each time with at least one formidable advantage. People have a superstitious reverence for print, so that opinion registers almost automatically as fact. If you say that so and so writes badly and is emotionally starved, nobody will stop to ask how *your* emotions are, that you should be making such statements. They will just take your word for the whole thing.

In view of this very good start, it is surprising how many sloppy hatchet jobs seem to be going around these days. Again and again, the critic dissipates his natural advantages, and sometimes winds up stabbing himself as well. No hatchet job is ever a complete failure of course; however inexpertly performed, the victim never completely recovers. The reader will always feel vaguely that he has heard something discreditable about him.

But smoother, more satisfying demolitions could surely be guaranteed, if certain simple rules were observed. These, for instance:

1) Hatchet jobs should never run an inch longer than the victim merits. Three sentences are always better than twelve—the length being in itself a form of comment.

The critic who goes on swinging after the tree is down draws attention to himself; he becomes overexposed. After all, perhaps he isn't such a hot writer either. Once the reader's own sadism has been slaked, the executioner is likely to make him a bit uneasy anyway: "Supposing that was me out there," he thinks. Prodigious amounts of reader-flattery and I-thou are needed after that to keep him from turning on the critic with an under-dog snarl of his own.

2) The complete opposite of Rule 1. It is a mistake to depend too much on short aphoristic dismissals unless your taste in them is absolutely infallible. Length gives at least an impression of lumbering documentation. A bad joke, a heavy-handed insult, give you nothing. The contradictoriness of these first two rules may serve as a warning. Hatcheting is not as easy as it looks.

3) Almost any quoted matter, encapsulated in sneers will do—provided you deploy it with a little caution. The

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reader will assume at first that if you say a quotation is silly, it is silly. But this trust can be abused. Four or five quotations in a row which really have nothing wrong with them at all will break the spell.

Recently I came across an attempt to prove that Truman Capote writes bad prose. This was daring (see Rule 5), but it might have worked with slightly shrewder quoting. Unfortunately it so happened that, while the passages chosen were certainly far from distinguished, they were not really horrifying either. As an average catty reader, I felt that they were written in slightly better prose than the review itself.

It is worth remembering in this connection that when dreadful examples are offered, they will be assumed to be the worst that can be found. A nimble but overworked counter-device is to claim that you plucked your samples at random, on a five-minute thumb-through. But even then, they should either be pretty bad, or so inconclusive that the author's good qualities have no chance of coming through.

4) On the other hand, two or three short quotes, however well chosen, are barely enough. A make-believe massacre requires an appearance, at least, of massive forces.

Perhaps the best way to achieve this is to quote two or three bits for clumsiness, two or three for inconsistency, etc. This will give you a thoughtful looking page. with stacks of indented matter: and there is no author living or dead who has not made enough genuine blunders to fill it for you. (Besides, the constant changing of subject will keep the reader from noticing any innocuousness in the quotes.)

5) Don't over-reach yourself. Readers will swallow almost anything in the way of exposé, but there are limits. I remember reading in a copy of *Scrutiny* a gallant attempt to demonstrate that Cyril Connolly had a bad prose style. This is akin to Vince Lombardi's football strategy of going straight for the other man's strength—but Lombardi has a very good football team to do it with. Since this demonstration had to be made in prose, it would have been wiser not to spot Mr. Connolly so glaring an advantage. (Rules 1 through 6: those who take the sword will perish by the sword.)

The dedicated hatchetman, intoxicated as he is by the prospect of annihilating some wretched author once and for all, and of sending him reeling into permanent oblivion, will begrudge every merit he is obliged to concede on the way; and yet if he concedes none at all, a certain mean-spiritedness and hysteria may show in his own work. Calling Mary McCarthy stupid, or Salinger a bad craftsman (or even Henry James immature), is exhilarating for reader and writer alike. But when sanity returns, it is the writer who has to pay. (The counter to this one is obvious: amused tolerance. "Miss McCarthy is, of course, clever. Perhaps that's the whole trouble." That kind of thing.)

6) There is such a thing as being *too* cruel. Authors may seem from a distance as unreal as circus clowns, who can flail each other all day without anyone getting hurt. But even clowns must draw the line somewhere, and too much realism will sicken the toughest audience.

This line is a fine one. People are delighted by the sight of literary blood and a good hatchet job draws as much excited attention as a good book any day. But if there is any slaughterhouse stench about it, they are likely to get squeamish and the whole effect is spoiled. Last year's Leavis-Snow rumble was a case in point. After a while, in these affairs, you begin to sympathize with the victim; and by the end you are sympathizing with the executioner too.

Since the last thing a hatchetman wants is sympathy, the thing to aim at is a hair-line cut, almost invisible until the victim moves and his head topples off. An angry letter from him is equivalent (change metaphors there) to the death lunge of the brave bull. Three or four lines in riposte will sever his aorta for good.

IF ALL this sounds bloodthirsty, it is not by inadvertence. The arts are, and should be, a rough game ("What was a man with a paper skull doing in Garrity's saloon in the first place?" to quote a quote from William Shannon's *The American Irish;* pugnacity and a thick skin are a part of every artist's stock-in-trade, and are also essential to the survival of standards in general.

But one has also seen criticism of such wanton and gratuitous brutality that it transcends all usefulness and can only be compared with something on the lines of bear-baiting or pulling the wings off flies. The victim is helpless; the executioner appears to function in an exalted, fanatic trance, where feelings no longer exist; the crowd loves it—up to a point.

For in one respect the old hatchetman is like the old gunfighter in the movies; there are always plenty of young hatchetmen waiting to chop him down in his turn. The reviews of Dwight MacDonald's latest book should be a warning to them; the end of the old hatchetman (Mr. MacDonald is far from his end of course, but a perfect analogy is hard to find these days) is unwept and unmourned. The crowd, which has indulged itself in his performance for so long, likes nothing better than to see the bully get his lumps in the end.

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THE STAGE

The Passion of Paddy C.

BETWEEN acts of Paddy Chayefsky's "The Passion of Joseph D." a friend of mine remarked that he had known a great deal more about the Russian Revolution before the curtain went up than he did now. The man is no scholar, but there is a pool of basic information about that tremendous historical event in which all literate persons share—all, that is to say, but Mr. Chayefsky, who has his own ideas on the subject.

It is his contention that men make history and that certain kinds of men made the Russian Revolution, which is an unexceptional thesis as long as you remember that history in turn makes men and that the upheaval in Russia was a cataclysmic coming together of immense social tides, crumbling power structures and decaying social institutions on the one hand, and violent temperaments, ambitions, idealisms, forceful intellects and messianic wills on the other. But Mr. Chayefsky has very little interest in all that.

What he is interested in and has written a play about is "character," the kind that is examined in such depth in television drama, the school of esthetic truth where he has studied for so long without ever having been able to be graduated.

Stalin, whatever history might say, is in Chayefsky's vision a deflected religious fanatic whose unrequited passion for the Lord came to settle upon Lenin as an earthly surrogate, after having built up a ferocity along the way which simply had to express itself in mindless acts of mass murder. Lenin, for his part, was a tender, subtle, wise old man much given to rueful philosophizing on man's follies and pretensions in general and on the failure of the attempt to refashion Russian man in particular. And Trotsky, the third of the "three who made a revolution," well Trotsky, as we all know, was a fop and a vaudevillian, the Noel Coward of far-Left politics.

There is an imaginative justification for almost any crime against the record—art has its laws which are not those of history—but you can be sure that Chayefsky is not covered by it. For besides writing a perversion of both historical event and spirit, he has written a dreadful play, so that art and the annals go down together. Which is a saving grace: the play is so bad that any danger of its corrupting the historical sense of its audience is entirely non-existent.

"The Passion of Joseph D." proceeds like the work of a man who has read about Brecht, or, more accurately, has heard about Brecht. *Epic theater*—that means lots of crowd scenes and hurlyburly. *Alienation principle*—that calls for didactic speeches and asides and winks to the audience. *Music-hall ambience*—that requires your company to break into song without preamble, the way it used to happen in those old M-G-M musicals. *Tough contemporaneity of speech*—that needs a line like "To hell with you, Siberia," as an expression of *au courant* revolutionary fervor. And as though pseudo-Brecht were not enough, there is also pseudo-Dostoyevsky, pseudo-Chekhov, pseudo-Gorky, pseudo-Mayakovsky and pseudo-Stanislavsky. But of Chayefsky, there is, alas, only the straight, unadulterated essence.

At least two members of the large cast struggle manfully with their atrocious assignments. As Stalin, Peter Falk never quite decides what accent to stick with and sometimes resembles a Russian bear in an uncomfortably non-symbolic sense, but he does have energy and presence. To the hopeless task of recreating Chayefsky's Trotsky, Alvin Epstein brings all the resources of his craft and manages to be entertaining in a vacuum. But for the rest "The Passion of Joseph D." has assembled a company guaranteed to keep the idea of amateur theatrics from dying out, and Mr. Chayefsky, who has served as his own director, makes certain that they stay loyal to that concept. *(Closed at the Ethel Barrymore)*

FOR AN example of the proper uses of history on the stage I recommend "In White America," which if it doesn't transfigure the past at least preserves it and makes it animate. The offering is in the form of dramatic readings and dramatized incidents from the record of Negro-white relationships in this country, and while its author, Martin B. Duberman, is no playwright, he is a sensitive and scrupulously accurate historian. Three Negro and three white actors perform in the twenty-eight scenes, not all of which, it must be said, are effective. They range from excerpts from a Scottish doctor's harrowing account of life on a slave ship in 1788 to an episode from the events at Little Rock in 1957. The latter scene is the highlight of the evening, a tremendously moving piece of work on the part of a remarkable actress named Gloria Foster. The only spectators whom I can imagine being impervious to the suffering and terror of a fifteen-year-old Negro girl trying to enter Central High are Klansmen and the more dedicated sort of Birchites. *(At the Sheridan Square Playhouse)*

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

What's Cooking Funny?

MOVIE COMEDIES these days are not in their happiest state. As readers of this column know, I am less than enthusiastic about the two biggest so-called comedies that have been playing to packed houses: "Mad

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(etc.) World" and "Dr. Strangelove (etc.)" both of which are tasteless satires that go to redundant and extravagant lengths to expose the foibles of mankind. And some of the newer comedies to hit our screens are only so-so affairs that may help to pass an idle moment but are unlikely to win cheers.

The main trouble with "Captain Newman, M.D." is that producer Robert Arthur and director David Miller couldn't decide whether they were making a deadly serious picture about what goes on in the neuro-psychiatric ward of a southwest Army Air Base, or whether they were doing a nice schmaltzy exercise with plenty of sentiment and fun about the caretakers of our mentally sick fighters. Gregory Peck gives one of his straight-forward, reliable performances in the title role; he is in charge of the film's serious department and works like everything to cure or at least help the men who cracked up. The treatment for three of his patients played by Eddie Albert, Robert Duvall, and Bobby Darin (who turns in a fine performance as a much-decorated corporal who considers himself a coward) is shown in some detail. Captain Newman's greatest worry, other than with his unsympathetic superiors, is his discontent at healing men only to send them back into battle. When he's feeling particularly low, he is encouraged by nurse Angie Dickinson whose main purpose in the film is decorative and to add a mild love interest.

Also helpful to Newman is Corporal Jackson Laibowitz, delightfully played by Tony Curtis, in charge of the comedy scenes. Since the script stems from Leo Rosten's novel, it manages to introduce these humorous aspects without ever making fun of the sick men, and it also manages, thanks to Curtis, to give Laibowitz some of the charm of Hymie Kaplan. As an orderly, Laibowitz combines his own odd sense of logic and acceptance of suffering with touches of newly acquired Freud. He in turn is greatly helped in the comedy department by Larry Storch in a brilliant portrait of a ward attendant.

THE advertisements for "Sunday in New York" said it was "A bold, blushing, outrageously funny movie dedicated to the proposition that every girl gets—sooner or later." Whatever else this film may be, it's not outrageously funny. It has some freshly amusing young people stuck in a talky movie that has little action. Norman Krasna wrote the script from his own stage play; and Peter Tewksbury directed it with little cinematic ingenuity. But it's all very slick, with some pretty color shots of New York City and a good-looking apartment where most of it takes place, and with a lot of catchy music by Peter Nero who also appears.

What it hasn't got is a plot that amounts to anything. The heroine (Jane Fonda) comes to New York to get advice from her brother (Cliff Robertson) about the ticklish question of premarital sex. Convinced that she's "the only 22-year-old virgin alive," she wants to know should she or shouldn't she. Brother, a bounder himself, says no. But when she meets a music critic (Rod Taylor), also in New York for the day, she gets him up to brother's apartment, and the teasing who-is-seducing-whom dialogue runs on endlessly. All this gets pretty tiresome. No matter how coy the actors may be, the confused morality has no relation to reality. But Nero plays a mean piano.

ALSO SET IN New York and showing some nice shots of the United Nations buildings along with the city is "A Global Affair" which has Bob Hope and one of the cutest babies you ever saw. It also has a flock of attractive girls who enter the thin plot when the baby, abandoned at the U.N., is put in Hope's custody, and the international cuties try to win the child for their respective countries. Some of this is quite amusing, and Bob, really meaning to do right by the U.N. ward, is quite appealing in a fatherhood role. His speeches to the Assembly even ring with a new sincerity for the usually-leering Hope. He gets his chance of course when each of the international beauties puts her best foot forward. "A Global Affair" is just fluff, and one may wonder about the state of world affairs while dignitaries are worrying about one baby; but the harmless picture has its funny scenes, and it certainly has its heart in the right place.

IN CASE you wonder what on earth "Man's Favorite Sport?" turns out to be, you should be told right off that the answer is fishing. The biggest surprise in this feeble picture is that producer-director Howard Hawks could have made it. His people, mainly Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss, John McGiver and Maria Perschy, try hard enough and are able to come forth with a few good quips. But the script is really about nothing and the whole thing is a waste of Hawks' and your time.

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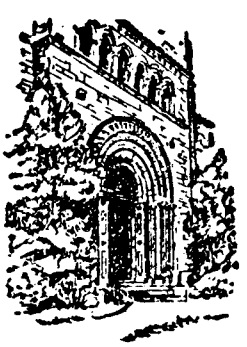

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William V. Shannon on the American Irish

The American Irish: A Political and Social Portrait. By William V. Shannon. Macmillan. $7.95.

by Robert D. Cross

THE dust-jacket of William Shannon's *The American Irish* is printed in several shades of green, and is adorned with a silver eagle who wears a green top hat and clutches a green shamrock. Probably Macmillan will have no objection if several thousand copies are purchased as March 17th gifts to friends, neighbors, relatives—anyone who has an Irish name. But it will be typically Irish bad luck if only the "really green" read this book. For if Shannon's first purpose is to explain the American Irish to themselves, he writes with such insight and compassion that his account should entrance a great many people who don't respond nostalgically to a sentimental rendering of "Danny Boy."

Shannon gives fair warning to those looking only for a celebration of the ancient pieties; he quotes in his preface Dr. Johnson's characteristically generous remark that "The Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another." And he goes on to declare that as a columnist he has found peculiar comfort in the Irish proverb that "Contention is better than loneliness."

Happily, Shannon is no more inclined towards ethnic self-hatred then to ethnic self-satisfaction. His book, like some of the recent writing of Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Daniel Callahan, demonstrates that the Irish are at last subjecting themselves to the kind of understanding criticism that they conspicuously failed to give, or to receive from others, in their first hundred years in America.

Shannon's book is not so much an analysis as an account. In genre, it is closer to the novels of O'Connor and Powers—or, even more, to Shannon's special hero, James T. Farrell—than to the sociological investigation the study of an ethnic group often becomes. As early as 1900 there were more people of Irish stock in America than in Ireland, and by the 1960's it would be difficult to say with any confidence just how many American Irish there are, and even more difficult to say who they are. For a man to qualify, how near a relative born on the ould sod would he need? (Would a solemn pilgrimage make up for several generations of ancestors born in America?) How loyally Catholic need one be? How versed in Irish folklore? How cognizant of the misdeeds of England? How devoted to the Democratic party?

Shannon is fully aware of the importance of such questions, and his book throws a good deal of light on them. But he has chosen to devote most of his space to profiles of heroes of unmistakably Irish extraction, from Honest John Kelly and the Unsinkable Molly Brown, to Scott Fitzgerald and Eugene O'Neill, to Father John Ryan and Father Charles Coughlin, to Joseph McCarthy and John F. Kennedy, and many others. That they are all somehow representative of the "American Irish" no one would deny, and perhaps the sociologist in us ought to suppress the suspicion that there were other kinds of Irishmen in America than appear here.

Shannon has the newsman's ear for the striking quotation, the colorful incident; and he has the writer's ability to convey a sense of character and scene. Perhaps the historian in us ought not to worry too much whether John L. Sullivan or James Michael Curley uttered just the words attributed to them. Shannon, after all, is most interested in what American Irish thought their heroes said, and on that kind of point his evidence is more than sufficient.

Every immigrant group likes to maintain that it is uniquely virtuous; at a recent meeting of Irish historians at the American Historical Association convention, speaker after speaker arose to declare that what distinguished the Irish from other immigrant groups was that the Irish were intelligent, trustworthy, congenial, kind, brave, clean, and reverent. In revulsion against such cant, critics tend to fall into the opposite error of maintaining that all immigrant groups are pretty much alike, and that apparent differences, besides being unimportant, are attributable to perversities in the American environment.

Shannon clearly feels that the American Irish have been unique; though he himself does not sum up their qualities in any easy formula, I should conclude from his account that what has set the American Irish apart has been their propensity for "forensic" or "political" expression. No doubt the Irish immigrants and their children have their instincts of inwardness. But even these instincts have often resulted, as Shannon points out, in noise and action—in what Sean O'Faolain has called an "affluence of volubility."

Shannon suggests some of the social and even physiographical forces in Ireland that may have fostered the development of this trait. But his portraits show that in the quite different circumstances of the United States the trait has continued to be manifest.

No other immigrant group, for example, turned to politics so rapidly, and—what is more significant—so enthusiastically and so successfully. Shannon believes that, well before the Irishman emigrated to America, British tyranny had taught him the necessity of a politics of resistance; and O'Connell, perhaps somewhat unintentionally, had shown him that legitimized force was not less noble than the force exerted in acts of midnight violence.

I should myself ascribe more importance to the special social and economic circumstances in which the Irish immigrant found himself in America, and even more to the tuition of the American urban "machine." But there can be no argument that the Irish not only found in political life a means for assuaging economic and psychological hurts, but came to revel in its hurly-burly

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of shenanigans, declamations and parades.

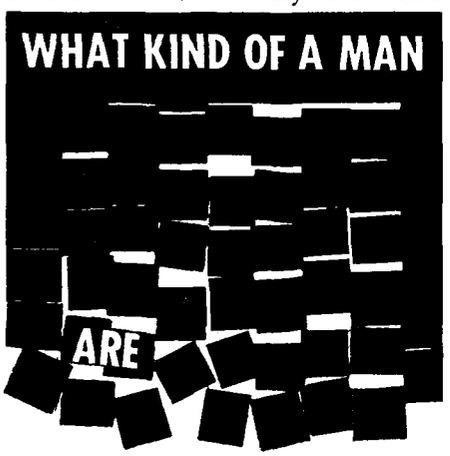
In years when most Americans regarded politics as a distasteful recourse, the Irish seemed to regard it as a really attractive way of life. Over the years, as Shannon points out, some of the more successful Irish politicians, and especially the big city bosses, evolved a highly secretive, private style. But the excellent portraits given here of Curley and McCarthy suggest that for many Irishman a recklessly flamboyant, relentlessly public kind of politics retained all of its old charm.

American-Irish Catholicism has also been distinctly forensic. Surprisingly, Shannon does not deal extensively with Archbishop John Hughes of New York, certainly the most prominent as he was the most formidable American Irishman of the pre-Civil War years. James Cardinal Gibbons undoubtedly was a greater man, but Shannon does not directly acknowledge that he was not a very representative Irishman; from the beginning of his career, he derived his power more from his understanding of the American and Roman scene than from any deep resonance with the American Irish spirit. An instinctive prudence and a deep aversion for panache made him far less typical of Irish Catholicism than such doughty contemporaries as Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul and Bishop Bernard McQuaid of Rochester. Shannon seems closer to the central tradition with his profiles of such authentically public men as John Ryan and Charles Coughlin.

Shannon does not explore in any great detail the psychological mechanisms which have promoted the almost compulsively public behavior of most of his American Irish prototypes. He comes closest to an explanation when his protagonists are men of letters, professionally inclined to explain themselves and denied the generalized rhetoric of religion or politics. O'Neill, Fitzgerald, O'Hara, Philip Barry, James T. Farrell and the rest were of course influenced by much besides their Irish-American heritage, so their explanations may lack complete relevance to the theme of the book. Still they do express very movingly the suspicion that the world is after all going to be too much for them, and the consequent determination to stake everything on one last verbal or physical assault.

The world always wins, of course, and so the leitmotiv of this book is frustration and defeat. Ireland and Coughlin relegated to the sidelines of Church influence, Smith and Farley enjoying wealth but not political power, Fitzgerald and O'Hara experiencing a mocking kind of popularity—these, and most of the other American Irish worthies described here, have had to live with the bitter understanding of how costly it is to define the goals of life in terms of public triumph.

Yet the illusion of ultimate success dies hard. Shannon, himself, in closing his volume with an essay on President Kennedy, allowed himself to hope that "the most significant chapter in the American Irish story was about to begin." The President's assassination brings that conclusion into consonance with the unfulfilled hopes of earlier American Irish. Perhaps a better epigraph might have been the last line from *The Great Gatsby*: "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." An American Irishman wrote that.



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Conviction Without Dogma

Castle Corner. By Joyce Cary. Harper & Row. $4.95.

by William James Smith

JOYCE CARY's *Castle Corner* was first published in England in 1938. It is the last of his sixteen books to appear in an American edition. It was written originally as the first of a series of novels intended to give a panoramic view of British society from about 1890 to the 1930's. Portions of the succeeding volumes were actually blocked out but Cary was discouraged by critical reception of *Castle Corner* and by his own doubts that he was on the right track. His basic problem was a question of how "historical" you can be in the novel and still be faithful to the variety and the veracity of human experience.

He did not, he said subsequently, intend to write crude social philosophy, to lecture. It is a measure of

"YES, YES, *Power bobbybakerizes, and absolute power bobbybakerizes absolutely. It is in the nature of cheese to attract mice. Who knows the point at which an aroma turns into a stench? The majesty of the White House is in itself a powerful deordorant, but before this stench settles forever into the woodwork, President Johnson should seriously consider making public the financial dealings of the Austin TV stations, alleged beneficiaries of some of the bobbybaking.*"

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Cary's genius that he was dissatisfied with what would have been a stunning success for a lesser man. Unlike most literary remains, the unpublished continuation of *Castle Corner*, if it still exists, cries out for publication.

Castle Corner is the ancestral home of the Anglo-Irish Corner family in Northern Ireland, on the Donegal coast. The family provides the focal point in Cary's social survey of the 1890's, though a vast number of other characters make their appearance, and the scene shifts to England, to Africa, and back again with great complexity. It is, indeed, a minor criticism of a fine book that it is much too crowded even for its considerable length. And it does not conclude so much as leave off, with most of the plot lines dangling. It would be fascinating to follow the subsequent career of Bridget, for example, in her rise from an Irish hovel to wealth—and drunkenness—in England, but we leave her in mid-flight.

This is probably the most Dickensian of Cary's novels. The Dickens comparison, a staple of Cary criticism, was not especially welcome to Cary, who admired Dickens with a curious qualification. "If Dickens had a more solid education," Cary says, "he could have been the greatest of all novelists." He is wise enough to add that Dickens with a fine Oxford education might very well not have written at all.

Cary's career was a strange one in terms of the preoccupation with learning as a requisite to literary accomplishment. He decided upon a writing career in his early thirties but he was in his mid-forties before he published hs first book. He wrestled with that book for some twelve years, plagued, on his own account, by a great inventiveness but a lack of any real intellectual direction. In this difficult period, which he spent in the academic atmosphere of Oxford, he claimed to have educated himself sufficiently to give his work the intellectual backbone that he found lacking in Dickens, for example.

Indeed, the evidence would suggest the truth of this. He became at once enomously productive of works which in the best sense embody intellectual stature with the free play of fictional inventiveness. The *Professorenroman* which he envisioned at the time of *Castle Corner* might well have been the triumph of this intellectual approach to fiction. But it may well have been his own doubts, rather than the lack of critical encouragement, which turned him from this heroic canvas to "the simplest of characters in a simple background, with the simplest of themes," the story of an African native, Mister Johnson, "the artist of his own joyful tale."

It was several years later, in fact, that he began his great trilogy in which Sarah Munday and Gulley Jimson cavort with truly Dickensian disregard of their historical context that Cary really found his stride. This is not to say that Cary's learning was an impediment to his career. In a converse way, Cary might never have written without it, but it was only when it became completely subordinate to his inventiveness—rather than the other way around—that he found his true genius. He was far more

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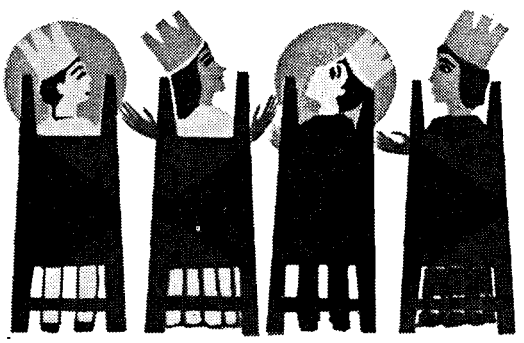

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of a Dickensian than he realized.

All this leaves *Castle Corner* a book of far more than mere academic interest. It is hard to imagine many modern writers, in this day of spare prose and hard emotions, surviving on the basis of fragments of their work. A page of Hemingway could only baffle a literary historian of the future coming across it. A page of Cary would have a color and vitality of its own. He managed textual richness without ostentation, or with that deft minimum of ostentation that lets you know you are reading a writer that knows that words are more than mere functional tools.

Cary's genius was something more however. Even in this book, where he was moving in an intellectual direction a little at variance with his finest talent his view of life is never simplistic. He does not impose history upon people. They make it. They even run contrary to its dictates with all the fine perversity of the human spirit. Cary was that rarest and most precious of humans, the man capable of conviction without dogma.

God As Rival

The Better Song. By Luc Estang. Pantheon. $4.95.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

ONE OF the minor preoccupations of the European writer—and the French are especially fastidious in this—is to select one or more epigraphs for the job of writing at hand. In 1961, then, Luc Estang coined a phrase from Charles Péguy for the title of his novel, *Le Bonheur et le Salut*. Now, several years later, his first American publisher has preferred the present title adapted from some lines in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

This is hardly beside the point. For while the Nietzschean title is bland enough to please a promotional taste, it comes nowhere near indicating the terms of the struggle set by Péguy's dichotomy between happiness and salvation. But why is it the mark of contemporary French fiction that it should assume the terms to be mutually exclusive?

Luc Estang, in *The Better Song*, not only dares to handle the classic plot-cliché of the respectable married man precipitously involved with an attractive young widow—with all its side-effects of oddly symbolic figures and situations—but he does so with a touch so seemingly deft as to give it something of a sense of freshness and originality—if that is possible. But it sooner or later strikes you that what distinguishes Estang from, say, Mauriac, Bloy, Bernanos, Greene—and, for that matter, Waugh—is that his strangers in Paradise (or, in our world, the Riviera) enjoy as much sex as time and money will allow.

Key word: enjoy. This, of course, is quite different from the ugly copulations in Mauriac and Greene, whose "lovers" are strangled in a Jansenist complex which dooms them from the start. But Octave Coltenceau and Marie-Laure, whether in

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grubby hotel rooms in Paris or freely by an always sunlit sea, are entirely functional and self-satisfying in their illicit life together.

Still, as before, the running out of time and money, the increasing need to get a job (M. Coltenceau had been principal clerk in a prominent law firm), the "night love had a taste of fog," the yearning to see his nearly adult son and daughter again—all this forces in Octave Coltenceau the ostensible moral dilemma, which in Mauriac and Greene continually presumes the identification of sex-guilt with some ultimate spiritual significance.

Between Coltenceau and Marie-Laure, however, it becomes desperately obvious that the rival is God. At least this is Coltenceau's problem; as for Marie-Laure, she wants nothing more than to be the totally natural Other Woman existing only for a totally natural love. But M. Coltenceau/Estang knows his "norm for the novel" with a vengance—that is to say, he clearly recognizes sin as sin—no doubt of that—but it is not precisely clear, on the other hand, that he knows which sin is which: seeking happiness for self on a very rudimentary level, or inflicting the pain of loss upon others, while, at the same time, imposing the terms of salvation on the former rather than on the latter.

In short, there is a sense of confusion here, not unlike that in Mauriac, et al., where sexual guilt is presumed to be the principal form of human—and, therefore, of religious—suffering. Conor Cruise O'Brien, writing under the name of Donat O'Donnell some years ago, saw in the extraordinary conjunction of literary talents exploring this theme—if it was one in any consciously artistic sense, an "intuitive harmony of mystery and suffering, even at the oblique touch of a fingertip, of the great Catholic bell."

But a full response to the tonal possibilities of the Catholic bell is precisely what the Jansenists most acutely lack. They are gifted, rather, in dramatizing their own peculiar frustrations and neuroses, their own prejudices and social conditionings, to the almost complete exclusion of a fully conscious and holy encounter with the various possibilities of divine grace.

Luc Estang, in *The Better Song*, seems just about to get beyond the Jansenist point of no return—at least in knowing what a peccadillo is—when God is made cuckold in a case which is really nothing more than the middling-toward-age of a somewhat pathetic figure. The struggle is not nearly as celestial as it is made out to be—and one suspects, too, that a good physic and a family conference could have straightened everything out right at the very beginning.

Instead, at the end, Marie-Laure cuts her own throat, and Octave Coltenceau has his Maria Cross all over again.

REVIEWERS

Robert D. Cross, Professor of History at Columbia University, is the author of *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America* (Harvard University Press).

William James Smith, a free-lance writer and critic, is a frequent contributor.

Thomas P. McDonnell is a member of the staff of the Boston *Pilot* and the editor of *A Thomas Merton Reader* (Harcourt, Brace).

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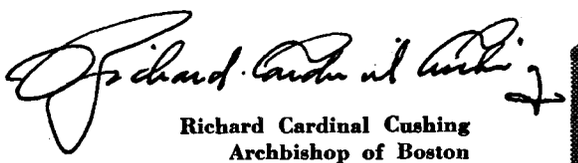

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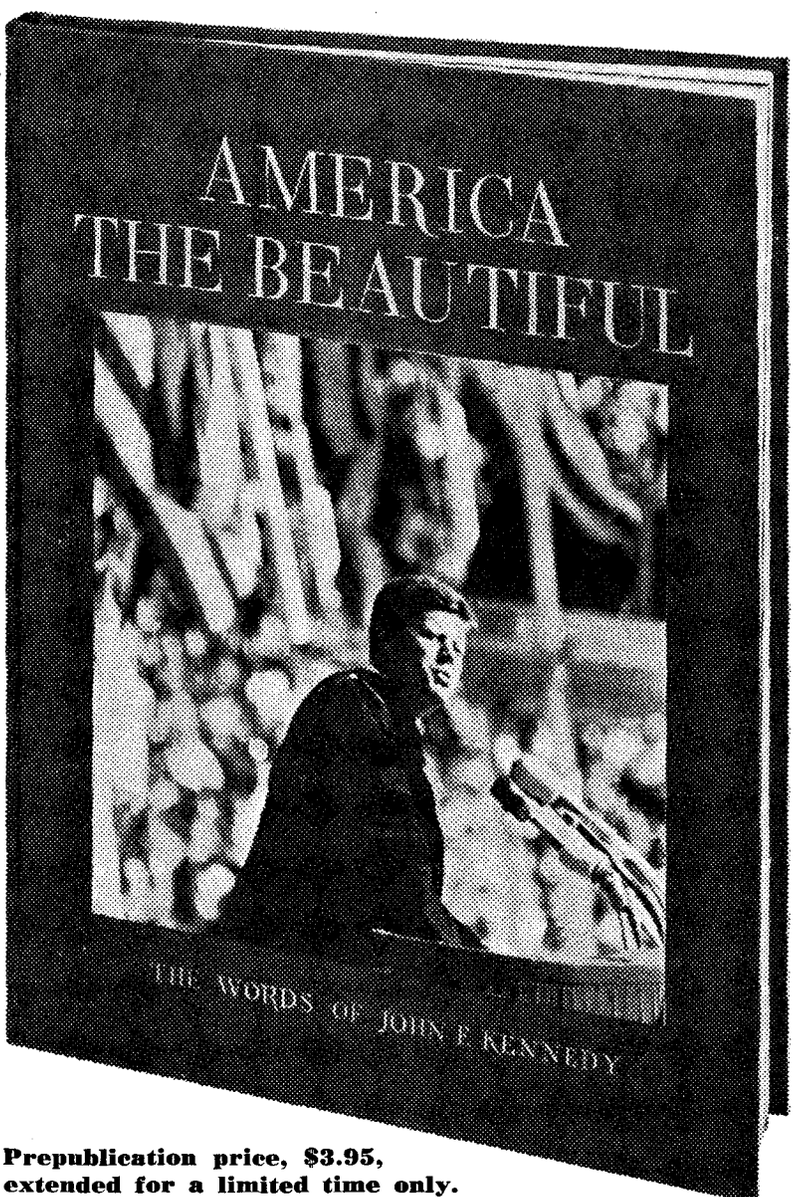

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